

Monna Schwabel
Clearwater, Fla.

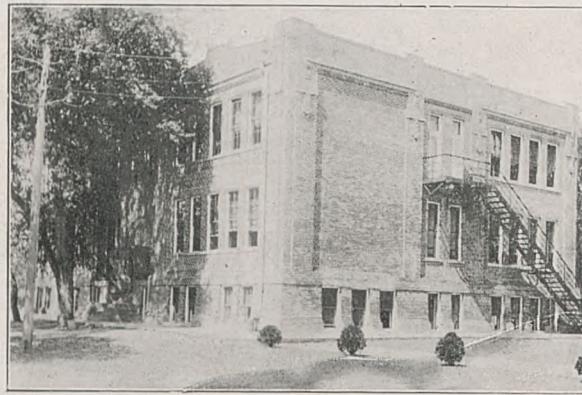
1919



Clearwater

CHICAGO

MANUSCRIPT



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



LIBRARY BUILDING

B EING THE 1918-'19 YEAR BOOK OF
THE CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA VOL. IV

Dedication

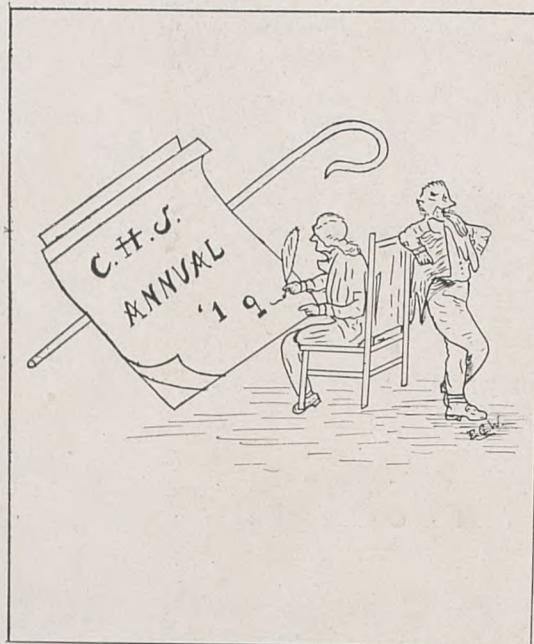
To you, our teachers, ever dear,
We dedicate this maiden effort.
We crave indulgence without fear,
Knowing that this, our simple best,
Will from your sympathy and love
Give brilliancy and greater zest.

Foreword

IT IS WITH fear and trembling that we place in the hands of our friends this Annual for the year Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen. We have tried to please you and hope this offspring of our brains may receive a kindly welcome from those whom we hold dear.

"'Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

We thank most heartily the merchants who by their generous advertising have made this annual possible. To all the others who have helped us by their sympathy and interest we give our heartfelt gratitude.



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PINELLAS COUNTY
HISTORICAL MUSEUM
COURTHOUSE
CLEARWATER, FLA. 33516



THE FACULTY

The Senior Class

COLORS:

White and Green.

FLOWER:
White Rose

MOTTO:
"Excelsior."

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT:
Edwin Rousseau

VICE-PRESIDENT:
Paul Bolles

SECRETARY:
Lois Freeman

TREASURER:
Ardys Poppler





GEORGE SELBY

"I love the ladies"
Aw! its easy. I've bluffed thru these long
four years.
" "Tis remarkable that they talk most who
have the least to say."

ARDYS POPPLER

"Waltz me 'till I'm dreamy"
Dream on, fair one, your highest aspirations
will be realized
"Talent is always queer tempered."

PAUL K. BOLLES

"I'm the guy"
In politics I'll surely shine, for I've been a good
"grafter" during my time.
"The gayest flirt that coach'd it round the
town."

IDA SEALS

"Smiles"
Laugh at your friends and when your friends
are sore, all the better, laugh some more.
"To a young heart everything is fun."





FRED KILGORE

"Dreamland"

It seems to me there's so much foolishness
necessary in order to acquire an education.
"Not much talk,—a great, sweet silence."



LULA MAY BECKETT

"I don't care"

Ye Gods! how I hate the boys.
"Ease with dignity"

EVERAD MANN

"Get out and get under"
In every deed of mischief he has a mind to
continue and a hand to execute.
"Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily."

EDITH COMPTON

"The sunshine of your smile"
Brains, wit and beauty, can you imagine
such an effective combinátion?
"In each cheek appears a dimple."



EDWIN ROUSSEAU

"I've lost my heart, but I don' care"
In mathematice he has made a name for him-
self, and his commendable business
management of the Annual deserves
honorable mention
"Dignity and love do not blend."

LOIS FREEMAN

"Are you from Heaven?
That angelic smile! Always complying with
the wishes of others.
"The flower of meekness on a stem of grace."

LUCILE FUSSELL

"I love you truly"
There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's
young dream.
"It is in learning music that many youthful
hearts learn love."



Senior Politics

Brightest Student—Fred Kilgore

Other Extreme—Everad Mann

Biggest Flirt—Lula May Beckett

Most dignified Boy—Edwin Rousseau

Jolliest Girl—Ida Seals.

Class Politician—Paul Bolles

Most popular Girl—Lois Freeman

Biggest Bluffer—George Selby

Cutest Girl—Edythe Compton

Noisiest Boy—Everad Mann

Most Serious Girl—Ardys Poppler

Most Serious Boy—Paul Bolles

Liveliest Girl—Lula May Beckett

Most Talented Pupil—Lucile Fussell

Class Dude—Everad Mann

Boy most likely to become famous—Fred Kilgore

Girl most likely to become famous—Lucile Fussell

Most Innocent Girl—Lois Freeman

Sweetest Girl—Edythe Compton

First Boy to Marry—Edwin Rousseau

First Girl to Marry—Ardys Poppler.



Senior Class History

IT WAS in September 1915 that we, as Freshmen, began our career in C. H. S. Of course we were very proud to be entering High School—still we couldn't avoid feeling shy when the other classes, especially the Sophomores, cast such glances at us. They told us such terrible tales concerning the lessons, teachers and rules that we feared the very entrance of the study hall. We soon overcame this fear however and managed to pull thru our first year.

When we returned as Sophs. we learned that a number of our former class mates had not come back to be with us, but we made several valuable acquisitions, Saline Armstrong, Lee McMullen and Lester Chaffee. It is generally quoted that the second year is the hardest, tho we brilliant students did not find it so with the many parties and other means of recreation.

It seemed a very hard matter for this class to keep the members acquired, for at the beginning of

our Junior year we found we had lost the ones gained in our Sophomore year, but six other pupils joined our jolly class.

We haughty Juniors of '18 could not understand why the Seniors tho't it appropriate to entertain us at a "Tacky" party. But we paid them back by giving a circus and requesting them to come dressed as young as they acted. They all come dressed as twelve year olds.

Oh! the dignity we felt when we returned to C. H. S. as Seniors. Owing to the Influenza epidemic we lost a month of our valuable school year. On account of this we have had to do extra work and have not had much time for play, tho we did find time for several (?) parties and a feast.

Now as we leave dear old C. H. S. we realize as never before how we have enjoyed these four years and hope to have imparted our genius and ability to the coming Seniors of future time.

LULA MAY BECKETT, '19.

The Senior Garden

In this garden there now grows
Flowers and trees in orderly rows,
Seniors are they in best attire,
Laden with courage, knowledge and power.

First is seen a stately oak tree
Handsome, tall, and strong as he,
Challenging all the winds that blow
Never to outdo Paul Bolles.

Growing near the great oak tree
This bewitching dahlia you see,
Careful of all rules and forms
Lula May Beckett heeds no storms.

We must stop and see this rose;
It is known wherever one goes,
Full in bloom is Ardys Poppler,
Busy always, nothing stops her.

Surely as this poplar grows
We can depend on Edwin Rousseau,
He is our President you see
So proud are we of this tall tree.

Underneath a poplar bough
Grows our daintiest, sweetest flower,
With no faults that can defile it,
Lois Freeman is our violet.

When there's frolic in the air
Everad Mann is always there
Posing for the fun of all,
Our plum tree is not very tall.

In our garden you must know
Where this dainty daisy grows,
Lucile Fussel has all beat
In talent, and in being neat.

Blushing, blooming, coming, then gone,
Dropping blossoms all day long,
Smiling on all flowers he knows,
George Selby, a peach tree grows.

On a tall and slender stem
This carnation straight and trim
Bobs her curly head and feels
No flower is happier than Ida Seals.

Never changing, always the same
Working on toward unknown fame,
Growing off where seldom seen
Fred Kilgore is our evergreen.

Seniors who are dissatisfied
With their names in being described,
Just trade for one that is left
Rhyiming it in as you think best.

Jimson, dog-fennel, onion, barley,
Cow-peas, thorn trees, beans and garlic,
But I hope you do not care
To change to these which are less rare.

EDITH COMPTON, '19.





SNAP SHOTS

Senior Class Prophecy, '19

FOR THREE hours I had been studying Virgil. I had seen Aeneas go to the cave of the Cumean Sybil. I had heard him ask her concerning his future and the city which he was to found. Slowly the clock chimed the hour of midnight. My Virgil book slipped unheeded to the floor and with a weary sigh I closed my eyes leaving Aeneas watching his descendants pass before him. How I envied the mighty Trojan with his privilege of looking into the future. Still pondering upon this I fell asleep and so great an impression had my studying and my envy made upon my mind that they followed me into my dreams.

I stood by a huge, black cave, the abode of the Cumean Sybil. I entered and was confronted by the Sybil herself.

"What would you have?" she croaked. "Speak! who's past, present or future would you know?"

Without a moment's hesitation I replied: "I would see the class of 1919 in the year 1934."

The Sybil turned to a tall, veiled figure, which I hadn't noticed before.

"Show her the class of 1919 of Clearwater High School fifteen years from now," the old hag commanded.

Hardly had the command left the Sybil's lips when I was lifted as though I were a feather and with my guide I sailed out of the cave on the air.

"Close your eyes," said the spirit, "and do not open them 'till I give the signal."

What was that sound, haunting and wonderful? Crooning sweetly as a mother's lullaby it rose, then softly it died away on the stillness. A great clapping of hands followed and the spirit and I stopped. At a word from my guide I opened my eyes. I was in an immense opera house. On one of the exquisitely tapestried boxes I saw the arms of the royal family of England. From that box bouquets were being tossed to the stage. There, receiving all this homage and praise, stood a young wonder. In her hand was a rare, old cremonde. As she turned toward me I, with a cry of joy, recognized my old chum, Ida Seals.

No sooner had I recognized Ida than I was whisked out of the building. Again I opened my eyes. I was in circus tent and the manager was talking. "Our most famous merry-maker. Renowned from one end of the earth to the other." No sooner had he finished than in came a clown. And what a clown! Every glance and movement

inspired a laugh. The huge tent rocked to and fro with the mirth of the occupants. I caught something familiar in the actions of the funny man, but not until he called out "Whoop-a-la-la" did I recognize Everad Mann. "Oh, Everad," I thought, "your practice in the Junior-Senior circus proved an aid to you."

A soft breeze blew and rustled the silk dresses of the young women who were wondering about the gorgeous green lawns of a wonderful estate. They were talking excitedly about the guest of honor, lady Stanislus, the most beautiful woman in the country. She was lunching at Windsor Castle with Her Majesty but was expected to return any minute. Suddenly the crowd separated into two lines and down between them came a distinguished looking young man talking to a lady at his side. I could not see the young lady's face but the dignity and indifference in her manner were strangely familiar. She raised her head. Oh, Lois, Lois, I might have known that no one else could make a whole country sit up and take notice as well as you could.

Unseen, my guide and I entered a large room which I recognized as the Solid Geometry recitation room at Yale College. A voice, terrible in it's sternness and wisdom, thundered, "We will review to-day's lesson and take in advance propositions thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two and thirty-three. Class is excused." A tall man, the owner of the voice

turned wearily around and sank into a chair.. I gasped in surprise but I might have known it. Ed-win always was a wonder in Solid Geometry.

I next opened my eyes to the splendor and glare of the reception room of the White House. The president's inaugural reception was being held. I looked around for the leader of our country. Amid cheers, the president entered. Weekly, I sank into a near by chair. The first person in the land was a woman. She turned and I saw her face. Never could I be mistaken in those golden curls and laughing gray eyes and dimpled cheeks. Edith Compton always did get what she went after anyway.

Why had I been led to the rear entrance of this big theatre. I wasn't interested in these chorus beauties who were coming out into the night. Not till I heard one exclaim: "What wo-o-o-nderful flowers!" did I see anything of interest. Just as the girl and a young man entered a waiting limousine I saw why I had been brought to this scene. I recognized the chorus girl's escort. Well George Selby always was the class flirt.

A golden voice rang out in the closing bars of a passionate song. For a breathless minute an intense silence, broken only by smothered sobs, held the gigantic opera house and then, as the prima donna smiled sweetly and bowed, a storm of applause broke. Cheer after cheer rang out. Flowers were showered upon the stage. Crys of "Encore!"

Encore!" split the air. I looked at the prima donna and could have wept for joy. Before me bowing and smiling as sweetly as she had in C. H. S. days stood Lula May receiving the homage due her.

After the storm of applause had ceased a name appeared on the back of the stage in gold letters. "Madamoiselle Fusselle." Breathless, I waited. I heard some one whisper, "She's been acknowledged by Paderewski as his successor as world's greatest pianist and everyone else says that she's his superior," as a young lady walked out on the stage. Oh, that dainty air! Could I ever forget it? She music began. No one can describe it. It rose full and strong until it filled the whole room and one felt the exquisite vibrations. Then slowly it grew softer till it sounded like a soft breeze. As the music ceased and the musician stood to receive her deserved tribute I recognized my old school mate, Lucille Fussel, our wonderful pianist in C. H. S. days.

"To think," I sighed, "what wonderful homes my old friends must have."

No sooner had the words left my lips than I found myself outside a gorgeous building. A neatly engraved sign read: "Bachelor Girl Apartments."

"There," whispered my guide, "There live your friends."

The strains of a waltz and the sound of many feet gliding over a floor fell tantalizingly on my ears. A worried voice kept saying: "one-two-three-four." I opened my eyes. I was in an exquisitely

furnished room. It was evidently a dancing studio. A tall man, dressed in immaculate attire was trying to teach a young girl how to dance. He was working hard trying to count loud enough to be heard above the chatter of his pupils. The couple whirled and the teacher's face was turned toward me. I gasped and stared incredulously. I couldn't believe my eyes. Who would have thought in C. H. S. days that our quietest boy, Fred Kilgore, would ever be a celebrated dancer.

Why was everyone so excited? People were running here and there. Suddenly a band began to play, I then realized that a parade was coming.

"What is it for?" I asked my guide.

"A friend of yours," the spirit answered. He is a great political leader, the greatest power in the Senate, a man feared and respected by the whole world. Look upon him and see if you do not recognize your school mate."

I looked and there, bowing and smiling, stood Paul Bolles. I wasn't very much surprised for Paul always had been an expert bluffer.

Again I stood in the Sybil's cave. My tour was finished.

"But my future," I wailed! "May I not see my own future?"

"Nay," croaked the Sybil, "that I may not tell you. But I promise you it will be to your liking."

There my dream ended.

ARDYS POPPLER, '19.

The Senior Feast

ON FEBRUARY 17, 1919, the Seniors showed their appreciation of the faculty by giving them a really good feast. It seemed to help their feeling wonderfully, for there were no more scowls that day. At 12:30 sharp, every Senior made his way to the domestic science room, where the eats were stored. There was some little trouble in persuading the boys to wait for the Faculty, but the delinquents soon arrived and everyone went to work very heartily.

The girls of the class surely showed their ability as cooks. Olives, sandwiches, ice cream, cake and grapejuice were served, and the ice cream was es-

pecially acceptable. After the feast Prof. Reece gave a demonstration of his ability as an orator. He made a wonderful speech about everything in general and nothing in particular.

But the lunch period was soon ended and we were sorry for once to see the Faculty leave. Being Seniors, the class was allowed to stay downstairs part of the afternoon and wash dishes. A few boys were not familiar with this task, so they were given ample opportunities to learn the art. But all good things must come to an end, and the feast finally did, to the sorrow of all.

FRED KILGORE, '19.



Last Will and Testament of the Class of '19

WE, THE Senior class of '19, being of sound mind and memory, but having been told that on May 9th, we will cease to exist, we desire to make our last will and testament and bequeath the following effects in the way, so stated below:

Item: Edwin Rousseau wills and bequeaths his dignity and sarcasm to Merle McKisson, hoping that future teachers will appreciate the gift.

Item: Lois Freeman wills and bequeaths her ability as a brilliant student to David Duncan.

Item: Paul Bolles wills and bequeaths his desk in Geometry room by Marguerite to Niles Ray.

Item: Edith Compton wills and bequeaths her curls and charming ways to Emma Smallwood.

Item: Everad Mann wills and bequeaths his affections for a certain Sophomore girl to Merle McKisson.

Item: Lula May Beckett wills and bequeaths her giggles to Jesse Grant.

Item: George Selby wills and bequeaths his ability for heart-breaking to D. T. McMullen.

Item: Ardys Poppler wills and bequeaths what is left of her stick candy to Inez Breckenridge, on condition that it is not to be dropped on the floor any more during chapel period.

Item: Fred Kilgore wills and bequeaths his sweet glances and lovely airs to Frank Williamson.

Item: Lucile Fussell wills and bequeaths her love of Physics to Frederick Hubbard.

Item: Ida Seals wills and bequeaths her slenderness to Mamie Ella Osbourne.

Item: The entire Senior class wills and bequeaths their privileges (?), dignity, and the Senior row to the coming Senior Classes. We hope that by these gifts the High School will profit.

Signed and acknowledged by the class of 1919 of Clearwater High School, as their last will and testament, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1919.

IDA SEALS, '19.

Junior Class



COLORS:

Maroon and Gold.

FLOWERS:

Red and Yellow Roses.

MOTTO:

Don't study your lessons,
but less-on your study.

PRESIDENT:

Wesley Ficht.

VICE-PRESIDENT:

Niles Ray.

SECRETARY & TREAS.:

Jasper Crowley.

Elizabeth White
Marguerite Woodell
Verletta Youngblood
Thelma Nall
Birdie Tucker
Marie Smith

Emory Pendarvis
Sara Nelson
Hazel Moore
Janey Martin
Jeanette Frost
Eva May Hughey

Frank Williamson
Niles Ray
D. T. McMullen
Harold Lamphere
Charles Ker
Archie Campbell

Jasper Crowley
Merle McKisson
Wesley Ficht
Frederick Hubbard
Howard Moore



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Poem

I am going to try to tell you
All that I know and a little more too,
Concernig the pride and the success
Of the Junior Class of the C. H. S.

The first one to be mentioned is Wesley Ficht,
Our class President who fights for the right.
The Secretary of our class is Niles Ray,
But he never keeps the minutes,I am sorry to say
Frank Williamson is never hateful or rude,
And he never wears the look of darkened
solitude.

Now Emory Pendarvis I will confess
Is the best girl I know, more or less.
Howard Moore has great ambitions impressed
upon his brow,
He means to be great in the future, but he's
only a Junior now.

I believe if you were to search the wide world o'er
You'll never find a classmate like Hazel Moore.
Elizabeth White, the truest friend the class ever
knew,
Her constancy we have tried and found her to
be true.
A girl like Sara Nelson is hard to find,
I am sure she has no malice in her mind.

Frederick Hubbard is among all the rest,
And he's our class musician, we must make
manifest.
D. T. McMullen is a credit to the school,
He studies all the time and never breaks a rule.
The next to be mentioned is Merle McKisson
I don't know much about him except in class he
never listens.
Jeanette Frost has always had a pleasing
disposition,
And she's also considered a great musician.
Charles Ker as you know is favored and honored
by all,
He is always in good humor, his friends are
never numbered small.
Thelma Nall is good-natured and full of fun,
And her charming manners many friends have
won.
Birdie Tucker is a girl of courage, hope and truth,
Her character has proved her to be a true and
honored youth.
Whatever position is assigned to Marguerite
Woodell by fate,
She gives forth all of her efforts and does not
hesitate.

Jasper Crawley does not indulge in all the gayeties
of school days,
But we are all grateful to him, because of his
pleasing ways.

Marie Smith never looks with a face of scorn
Upon those that are troubled, and those that
mourn.

Harold Lamphere, another member of our class,
Has proved himself loyal in the days that have
passed.

Janey Martin, I must say, is full of joke and jest,
She is considered among our classmates as one
of the best.

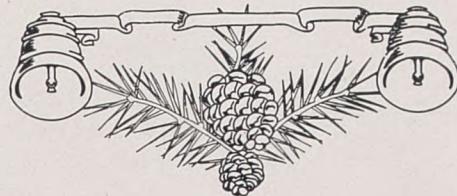
Archie Campbell also belongs to our little band,
And to all who wish to join us we give a wel-
coming hand.

Verletta Youngblood always does her share,
Toward the school and the class, with judicious
care.

This completes the roll of the honored Junior class
That have made themselves notorious in the
days past.

Vacation is now here, I have no more to tell,
So I bid to one and all a fond farewell..

EVA MAE HUGHEY, '20.



Junior Party

AS THINGS were happening rather slowly, the Juniors decided to have a grand blowout and wake things up a bit.

It was planned to have the function in question at the home of Janey Martin, beyond Dunedin. Accordingly on the evening of April 11th, the pupils of that town were startled by the noise of six automobiles going rather beyond the speed limit and then by watching closely they were able to catch a fleeting glimpse of said cars. One old gentleman went so far as to call up the sheriff at Clearwater and tell him that some automobile bandits had just passed thru Dunedin but that the sheriff might cut them off at Jacksonville if he hurried.

When the guests had all arrived safely it was found that there were approximately thirty-five persons present, this included a number of invited guests outside of the Junior class and a number of the faculty.

As soon as all became settled games were started. One of these was "D. B. F." or "Don't be Formal" and anyone desiring an explanation of

this game will please see our noble comrade Mr. Frank Williamson. Fortunes were told and many were surprised and a few dismayed at their prospects for the future.

All was going well until Howard, in some manner got into the kichen and after eating three quarts of ice cream suddenly had an attack of acute indigestion and was carried home on a stretcher which was placed across the tonneau of his car. We do not feel that this is to his discredit, however, as we have often seen him get away with a gallon with no worse effects on him than a slight palpitation of the heart.

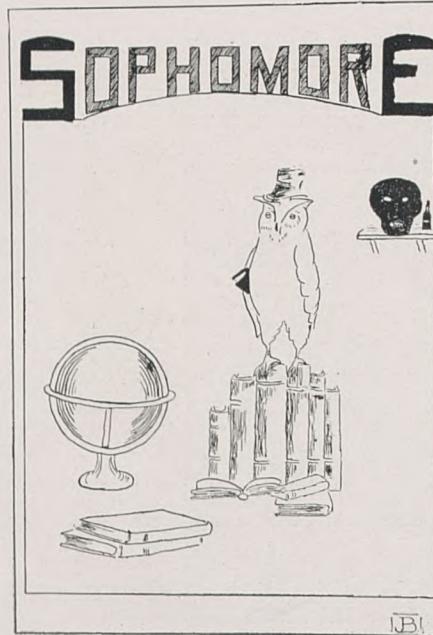
Altogether a most enjoyable time was had by all and even Howard admitted that he was lucky to have lived thru his adventure and promised faithfully that he would never again try to make an ice cream freezer of himself.

About midnight the guests decided to ramble homeward and so the cars and Lizzies, after being started and cranked, resumed their homeward journey, to arrive in Clearwater in the wee-small hours of the morning.

FREDERICK HUBBARD, '20.



SNAP SHOTS



COLORS: MOTTO:
Blue and White "Impossible is un-American"

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT:	VICE-PRESIDENT:
Jim R. Brumby	Newton McClung
SECRETARY AND TREASURER:	
Geneva Sheridan	

SOME OF THE SOPHS

Annie Davis	Time works wonders.
Dwight Shower	Ladies' man.
Elizabeth Hoyt	Giggles.
Emma Smallwood	Tease.
Gladys Kirk, Caesar's cousin: Love your relations.	
Irene Baskin	Shyness personified.
Louise Sweat	There are smiles.
Mary Plumb	Class Poet.
Mamie Ella Osbourne	I wanna be a star.
Mervin Crowe	Belle of Green Springs.
Mildred Hayes	Shorty.
Norman Allen	Chauffeur.
Vernon Compton	Noisy, Noisier, Noisiest.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Poem

The High School Class that is fullest of fun,
Is the wonderful class of '21.
It is the largest in the School,
And o'er it they shall always rule.

Our class is always at the head,
And we, the Sophs, will not be led.
We are first and always shall be,
For our president is James Brumby.

Our '21 adorns the wall,
The black-board, and the study hall.
Our colors are the best of all,
Where the envious eyes of the Juniors fall.

"Impossible is un-American" is our creed,
To it we'll be true in word and deed.
Blue and White our colors are,
And they lead the rest by far.

Geneva—A student intense, in Math. a star,
In wise supplication she leads us by far.

Goette—A star in athletics, not so wise as a seer,
But the best natured boy you'll ever find here.

Marjorie—Pretty and jolly and fond of the boys,
A coquette tho, in her hands they're mere toys.

Newton—A funny boy, so deep and great,
You wonder what is within his pate.

Virginia—For smiles she is noted and thoughtful
I say,
If you don't believe it, why ask her, you may.
Jim—He loves to study and they're times, too,
He calls on the girls—but only a few.(?)

Annette—Bright-eyed and brown haired, a most
winning way,
Well liked and gentle, you all need to say.

Ezra—The force of his own merit, makes easy his
way,
And he'll get there too, tho' not in a day.

Jessis—Indeed she is a shy, modest, dreamer,
But in the wide world there's to friends no truer;

Paul—He is nice looking and dignified,
And on him the smiles of the girls do glide.

Dorothy—She's fond of the boys, a most graceful
dancer,
For all the boys she's a little entrancer.



SNAP SHOTS

Edwin—He is one of our sporty men,
But to his slowness there is no end.
Vernal—She's good and she's careful, and true to
her friends,
And when she is wrong she makes quick amends

Rudolph—He studies hard, a parson he'll be,
Earnest and faithful, hard-working, you see.

Mildred—Small but graceful, wise and sweet,
A sparkling wit, cute, petite.

Wayne—A kinder boy treads not the earth,
Say all who have known him since the day of
his birth.

Coletta—Loyal to friends,, ambitious and kind,
And in music they say she is fine.

Margaret—A wise and willful little maid,
Quick and mirthful, sportive, staid.

Eugene—A brave little Green Springs lad,
Who in Caesar a talent had.

Ann—Her beauty is all the rage.
Especially in Chicago with John Gage.

We have not room for all the rest,
And some of them are the very best,
Our place in the Annual is very small,
So I must stop—and this is all.

MARY PLUMB, '21.

The Sophomore Party

ONE OF the most enjoyable events of the year was the annual party given by the Sophomores in the Domestic Art room of the High School building. Among the guests of the evening were a few members of each of the other classes and the Faculty.

The room was decorated in the C. H. S. colors, crimson and grey, and at one end of the room a booth was arranged where punch was served during the evening.

Then the guests arrived in costumes, and at the first sound of music, rendered by the orchestra, all formed for the grand march. After that the games were started. "Tag" was played by a small girl and boy while the others looked on. During this the little girl lost her shoes and after a long search found them in the little boy's pockets. The game

ended when she decided he should have his punishment and gave him a spanking.

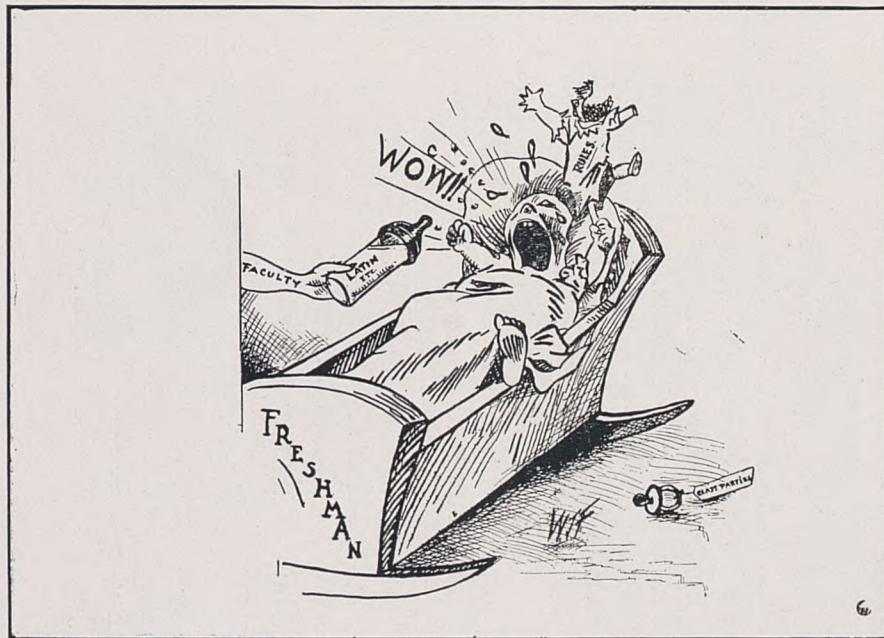
By this time everyone was anxious to know who the other one was, so a large circle was formed for removing masks. There were many surprises, but greatest of all was the Faculty, which was composed of a small boy, two wild little girls, an old maid and a clown.

After all had fully recovered from the shock, ice cream and cake were served by Sophomore girls costumed as waitresses.

Later the guests were informed, by a little girl of the Faculty, that it was time for all to depart. The guests then left for their homes to dream of the many more good times they should have before their High School days were over.

GENEVA SHERIDAN, '21.





Freshman Class

MOTTO:

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

COLORS:

Blue and Gold.



OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT:

Jamie Nall

VICE-PRESIDENT:

Doris Wickens

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Edwin Pemberton

Whose Who Among the Freshmen

Maurice Blanton—"Ty Cobb."
Inez Brekenridge—"Mary Pickford."
Elvira Bolles—"Billy Bolles."
Wayman Becker—"Ford Special."
Oliver Boyd—"Sweet sixteen."
David Duncan—"Brother of Mule."
Hugh Jones—"Smarty."
Winnie Kilgore—"Miss Dignity."
Dorothy Lapham—"Puppy Dog."
Madeline Lentz—"Schultz."
Alice Martin—"Newly Wed."
Edwin Pemberton—"All great men are dying, and
I don't feel well myself."
Mona Schwabel—"Swallowed whole."
Bertha Springer—"Bert."
Ralph Troutman—"Old Flirt."
Laura Thomas—"Big Tom."
Amelia Tucker—"Peg o' My Heart."
Ruby Williams—"Class Beauty."
Harold Wallace—"Slow but Sure."
Stuart Brosmer—"Chewing Gum."
Candler Coachman—"Current-Event Coachman."

Frances Crompton—"Class Giggler."
Joe Eldridge—"Class Parson."
John Gunn—"Son-of-a-Gunn."
Mildred Gould—"Quietest Girl."
Eleanor Gage—"Bumps."
Charles Howell—"Kangaroo."
Zabina Musgrave—"Motor Girl."
Olivia McKenzie—"Prissy Sissy."
Ethelbert Morton—"Popularity Personified."
Edna Peterson—"Active Mouth."
Myrtle Roberts—"Society Bell."
Lawrence Ray—"Book Worm."
Ralph Snelson—"School Crane."
Louise Schenck—"Movie Fan."
Lois Wynkoop—"Would-be Vampire."
Eldridge Jette—"Literary Association."
Vida Hudson—"Super-Six."
Jamie Nall—"The Ladies' Man."
Violet Smith—"Peaches."
Beatrice Herche—"Peroxide Blond."
Leslie Green—"Quietest Boy."
Joe Bissell—"Big Bluff."

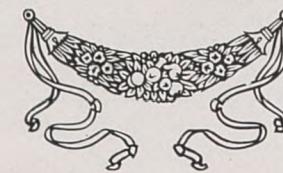


FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Freshman Class

ON THE morning of September the sixteenth, nineteen hundred and eighteen, the veterans of Clearwater Grammar School who managed to squeeze through their examinations were on hand bright and early to welcome the new recruits to their class. Nearly twenty have been together for several years bearing each others burdens and making life cheerful and interesting for their teachers. Many states of the Union have been robbed of some of their most promising soldiers in order to join our ranks. We have all the qualities of first rate soldiers, for unlike most Freshmen classes we have never suffered from timidity, indeed our teachers tell us that in self confidence we quite equal the Seniors. Just as we were getting start-

ed school was closed on account of influenza which put us back in our work and prevented many pleasant social events this year. Even though we are only Freshmen we have shown our ability in getting things done and have proved to be the "Legion of Honor" in winning the trophies of the year. Freshmen girls showed their genuine patriotism by raising more money for the United War Campaign Fund than any of the girls in the High School. Our class also won the prize picture granted for selling the most tickets at the art exhibit. We number seventeen girls and twenty-five boys. We hope our ranks will not be decreased during the summer furlough and all will report for duty at the opening of school next year.





SNAP SHOTS

PINELLAS COUNTY
HISTORICAL MUSEUM
COURTHOUSE
CLEARWATER, FLA. 33516

The Freshman Annual Outing

ON THE afternoon of March twenty-eighth the Freshman Class of C. H. S. went to Wall Springs for a weenie roast. Every Freshman was there except Dorothy Lapham, Mildred Gould, Ralph Snelson, and Candler Coachman, and all of the Faculty, with the exception of Miss McChesney and Miss Collver, both of whom we missed greatly.

Upon arriving it was discovered that we were minus a pail for coffee, but this was soon remedied by a raid on the population of the village, in which we gained a heterogeneous collection of pans and pails and penny candy. Zabina, believing that a little excitement would serve as an appetizer, tried to show us some of Barny Oldfield's latest stunts in turning corners, but succeeded only in mixing Weyman Becker up with a barbed wire fence in such a manner that it was necessary for him to remain in the car for the rest of the evening.

There were actually enough weinies and we

kept no account of them, except for Mr. Reece, who would not confess to more than a half dozen. Miss Seaver made some delicious coffee (Aruckles), and, as we were about to partake of it, she thought of refreshing a few sand-spurs. Therefore, we waited cheerfully(?) for another half hour.

After we had had full benefit of the "eats," everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves so well that we decided to have only one stunt, and that one very privately. Mr. Reece accepted a dare to eat a raw egg, and managed to do so very cleverly, by losing the white on the ground and the yolk on Jamie's new suit, that he had nothing at all to eat.

The party broke up about nine o'clock and the only thing left to mark our delightful evening was a trail of buns that came from a break in David's "Ford."

ELEANOR F. GAGE, '22.

Can You Imagine

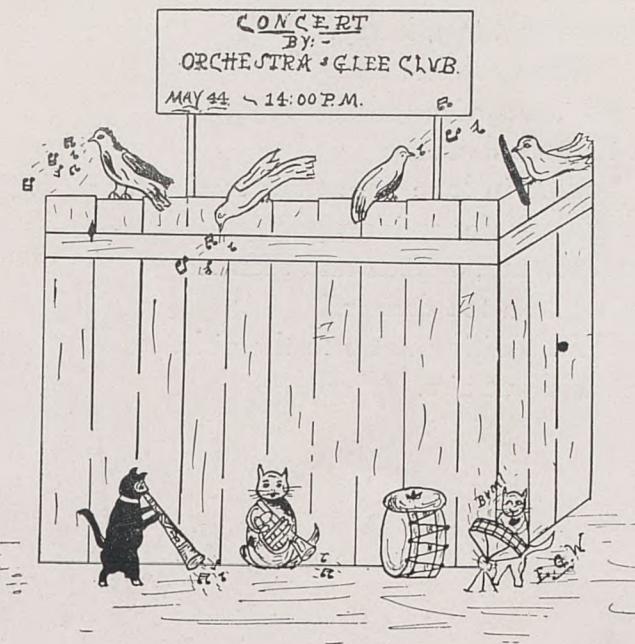
The study hall orderly and silent.
George Selby a bachelor.
Charles Ker silent.
Jeanette Frost in a hurry.
Paul Bolles not conceited.
Candler Coachman tall and dignified.
Fred Kilgore dancing.
The Juniors in love with their teachers.
Mary Plumb not writing poetry.
Everad solemn, serious and sedate.
Mamie Ella a toe dancer.
Harold not writing notes to the girls.
Olivia without airs.

Merle McKisson a minister.
Elizabeth and Margaret separated.
Jasper Crowley in trouble.
Mrs. Moore not looking for notes.
Emory without a powder puff.
Edwin Rousseau not in love.
The Seniors satisfied with their pictures.
D. T. McMullen with a girl.
Howard Moore bashful, modest and shy.
Lula May and Edith not quarreling.
Birdie Tucker without curls.
No future tests nor exams.
Miss McChesney outdone in an argument.



The Glee Club

THE VOCAL music in High School has been conducted in a different way from last year, more time being given to assembly singing in which every pupil in High School could join. The singing has been directed by Mrs. Hubbard with Misses Lucile Fussell and Jeanette Frost sharing the work of accompanist. The school as a chorus has contributed numbers on several occasions, particularly at meetings of Literary Society. The "sings" are among the most enjoyable features of our school life. Many of the old standard choruses have been studied this year. Individual members of the High School have on numerous occasions been very generous with their talents and have added greatly to the attractiveness of programs by contributing musical numbers. We are very proud of our musicians. Several numbers are now in preparation for our commencement exercises; two of the most pleasing features of our last year's program were a semi-chorus "Farewell! ye Groves and Pleasant Hills," by Curschman, song by the girls, and a double number (a) "Last Night," (b) "The Midshipmite," sung by High School.





HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Orchestra

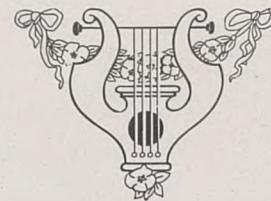
THE HIGH School Orchestra was decidedly impeded in its progress this year on account of the late beginning, which was about three months after school started. Nevertheless its progress has been rapid under the capable direction of Mrs. J. R. Hubbard, who is well known as a music teacher all over the country.

The first appearance of the Orchestra was at the Elson Art Exhibit, which was given for the benefit of the school. The Orchestra played four different times at this exhibit and received many com-

pliments on its selections. Many people were surprised at the unusual amount of talent found in such a small high school.

The orchestra also played for the county school meet which was held in Clearwater, April 5th, and has rendered a number of pleasing selections at the High School Literary Society meetings. The concert given by the orchestra at the Senior class play and the commencement exercises were greatly enjoyed and added much to the evening's program.

NILES RAY, '20.



Orchestra

VIOLINS

Mildred Hayes
Niles Ray
John Gunn
Spencer Ruff

Ida Seals

Annette Griffin
Elizabeth White
Marguerite Woodell

Robert Daniels

TROMBONES

Edwin Pemberton
Henry Whitesell

CLARINETS

Wesley Ficht
Frederick Hubbard
Albert Rogers

CORNETS

Paul Ficht
Buster Whitledge
D. T. McMullen
Joe Bissell

ALTOS

Douglas Boyd
Lester Plumb

PIANOS

Lucile Fussell

DRUM AND BELLS

Richard Shoemaker



Literary Officers

FIRST QUARTER

Frederick Hubbard,
Chairman

Niles Ray,
Secretary

Charles Ker,
Censor

Wesley Ficht,
Critic

SECOND QUARTER

Jasper Crowley,
Chairman

Lucile Fussell,
Secretary

Lois Freeman,
Censor

Lula May Beckett,
Critic

THIRD QUARTER

Ardys Poppler,
Chairman

FOURTH QUARTER

Elizabeth White,
Chairman

The Literary Association

THE Literary Association is one of the most interesting activities in the school, and is equally appreciated by the pupils, faculty, and visitors. It is also one of the most beneficial, for at these meetings not only is the school spirit developed, but thru the election of officers the pupils obtain training in parliamentary drill.

The programs, which consist of vocal and instrumental music, and original papers and recitations, are planned and conducted by the pupils. In

this way they are enabled to speak with greater ease before an audience, to gain confidence and self-reliance, and to strive harder to become efficient in their work that they might furnish more enjoyable entertainments.

With ever increasing interest in this organization it is improving from year to year, and we hope that in the future it may be made one which can not be excelled.

EDITH COMPTON, '19.



Story Contest

"Roderick's Fortune"

IN A SMALL dimly lighted room Professor Wenden sat bending over a massive chest. His feeble frame shook and a cold chill crept over his body, but still his stiffening fingers worked rapidly. He realized that death was approaching before he had finished his life's work. Then Death was calling, and the old professor summoned his beloved sons, Ralph and Roderick.

To them his last words were: "during my life I have labored that on my death I might leave you a fortune. All that I have lies here in this chest, and the worthy one shall find it.

Several days had passed and Ralph, who was never without a goodly sum of spending money, went in search of the fortune. He descended the stairs and went into the room where his father had spent many years of his life. He went to the chest and anxiously lifted the heavy lid. There before him was the frame work of an old machine with many parts unfinished, and near it lay a well-worn note-book full of diagrams and rules. All of this he found uninteresting and began to think that his father's fortune had been very small. Soon he

heard many footsteps approaching and was rising in fright lest it should be Roderick, who would be angry in finding him alone searching for the fortune. No sooner had he risen than he was attracted by a large leather bag in one corner of the chest. He quickly examined its contents and found that it held much wealth. Then without a moment's delay he thrust it into his blouse, lowered the lid and was slipping from the room by a rear entrance just as Roderick appeared in the doorway.

Roderick stood for sometime as if in a deep meditation. His sunken eyes and sad expression showed that he had experienced a great sorrow, but the sight that he had seen made his sorrow much greater. He approached the chest and sank down before it. For hours he remained almost motionless, finally night came and even morning found him there.

Then at last he arose and in a deep voice muttered, "money makes a fool of the wise man. The worthy one shall find it."

Again the heavy lid was lifted and Roderick fell on his knees before the chest. He carefully

examined all of its contents and then began a search of the note-book. Noon came and again the evening, but still he read and deciphered the wonderful work which he had discovered. Never before had he found anything so interesting. He scarcely ate his meals nor noticed difference between night and day, but worked on, completing and placing together the many parts of the machine

Days passed, weeks, and even months and at last he descended from the room and went out into the open air. He was then a man, older and much wiser. He saw all things in a new light, a

creative light, and realized for the first time what was meant by accomplishment. He was an inventor.

Roderick soon secured a patent on what proved to be the most wonderful invention of his time, but before many duplicates had been made he received word from his brother, who had been imprisoned in a far off country. Then he realized and never forgot that wealth as a gift will never end in a fortune, but wealth which is earned will always be one.

EDITH COMPTON, '19.

"The Hero of the Chicken Coop"

BY JAMES BRUNDY, '21

THE DEW dropped with little pats like the tick of a clock thru the trees and under-growth where I was standing. The sun, just peeping over the edge of Mallory's hill, made the mist in the little valley turn all the colors of the rainbow, and the windows of the "gym" of Bradford hurled out fiery shafts given them.

From my place in the little oak wood I could see the chicken yard of Mr. Mallory, a rather well-to-do but old-fashioned farmer, living near the school I attended, Bradford. The chicken coop was this side of the barn and hidden from the house so

we felt reasonably safe. Those present were Charlie Maon, a Freshman, who was sitting behind me, my chum Tom Martin, a Junior, and the fourth person was Joe Kennedy, a Senior, and also our room-mate. Tom was by the chicken yard fence on the outside and Joe was most conspicuously present in the chicken coop, which fact being prominently proved by a loud squawk issuing from the said coop. This was followed immediately by some words from Joe that would'nt have been endorsed by a S. S. teacher. Instantly a large slightly past middle-aged man, with a beard, and tortoise

shelled spectacles, darted from the barn and grabbed Joe by the collar just as he stepped out of the door of the coop.

"Ah ha! I have you my man," he roared as he caught Joe. "I've been laying for you for a long time but I didn't think I would have the good luck to catch you here in broad daylight." Then he stopped in amazement as he looked over the rim of his specs and recognized Joe.

"What!!" he bellowed in a towering rage. Do you mean to tell me that you have been hanging around my house for the past two years and me treating you decent and even friendly and then you come sneaking around here at night stealing my chickens.. It was a mighty fine covering pretending to be my friend so I would never suspect you. And I didn't." He glared at Joe and his eyes snapped fire. Then as Joe started to say something he quickly interrupted him.

"Go!" he thundered shaking poor Joe like a dead rabbit. "Go quickly before I really lose my temper."

And needless to say Joe went, being assisted in his start by the toe of Mr. Mallory's boot. He came crashing thru the bushes and I darted behind a tree just in time to escape being smashed. As he saw me he tumbled head long and sat panting by the tree I was behind.

"Guess we'd better be getting back to break-

fast, don't you think?" drawled a quiet voice at our side and Tom popped his head out of the bushes.

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised," I returned dryly as I poked my head up cautiously for observation. But Mr. Mallory had shut the chicken coop door and gone into the house.

So we started back to school. Poor little Charlie began crying on the way back.

"It was all my fault," he sobed to Joe, "and I'm going right to Mr. Mallory and tell him so. Why I just can't let you be blamed and have Mary think that of you. I can't," and he moaned again as he thought of Mr. Mallory, for if there was anyone in the world he feared it was him. He had once been caught in the farmer's apple orchard, sent there by some Sophs and had had a shot gun pulled on him, so ever since then he had steered clear of that farm.

"No you are not," said Joe smiling slightly when he thought of how the little fellow would tremble in his boots as he faced the farmer to explain. "We will just let things alone till—," and he stopped grimly. "They had better," he remarked and I thought so too.

Joe, Tom, Charlie and I roomed in the Dormitory B, a famous dormitory at Bradford, because it had been the abode of all the heroes and stars of the past and probably would be in the future. As for the present it held one of the greatest stars in

the history of the school, for Joe Kennedy was one of those kind of heroes whose name and fame live on in the halls of Bradford long after he passed from them. He was a wonder on the gridiron, first base and backbone of the nine, the farthest shot-put thrower in our school league and eighth rower and captain of the Alpha Phi Fraternity, chairman of the students Honorary Club, and president of the Senior class. He was a good student and an all round good fellow, as it was well known that he could provide more chickens in less time than anyone else for a Fraternity pilau. But such an absurdity, going into his prospective father-in-law's chicken coop was never dreamed of by them. And soon the honored Joe was a joke around the school altho it was never mentioned before him. How it became known no one was aware unless someone saw the incident. The Seniors of his Fraternity were inclined to "guy" him about it at first but when one of his friends demanded why he did it he only shook his head and remarked, "It will all be explained in time."

But finally Joe tired of being a joke and waiting for somebody to admit their crime. Therefore one night he left us in the study and went down to the doctor's office. When he came back he seemed much relieved. "I think the Doctor can fix it up," he said in answer to our query.

The next morning in chapel the Doctor finished making the announcements and then said:

"There was a certain initiation in this school the other night which has gotten several people into trouble. I want all those persons included in any way in the affair to please come to my office immediately after chapel.

And so at last it was settled. The Sophs, five in number, came to the office and admitted that they had taken poor little Charlie out to initiate him and in the course of the initiation he was forced to visit Mr. Mallory's chicken coop. After he had started back to where the boys were in the woods, farm dogs had set up an awful hub-bub and they had taken to their heels." The Doctor then told them that we three boys, Joe, Tom and I were out on our morning hike when we came upon Charlie sitting in a stump hole not knowing what to do with the chicken because he was too honest a little fellow to let it go for fear that it would get lost and he didn't dare to go back into the barnyard to take the chicken. So the Sophs (they can be human sometimes) because they had started all the rumpus, agreed to go to Mr. Mallory to apologize and explain.

That evening I went as far as the old crab-apple tree with Joe and stood in the dusk watching him. I wasn't far away so I could see them also.

Mr. Mallory sat on the front porch watching

Joe as he slowly approached the steps. Then before Joe had gotten near enough to say good evening, Mr. Mallory spoke.

"Good evening young man. I'm glad to see you. But why didn't you come around to the front door and give me the chicken and tell me where and how you got it?"

Joe came on to the bottom step and then answered, "Because under the circumstances it would have meant a lot of explaining, and there's nothing I hate like explaining."

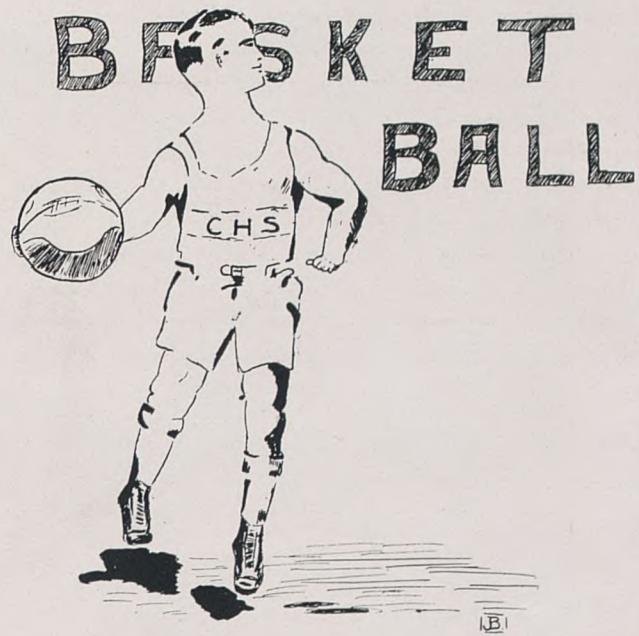
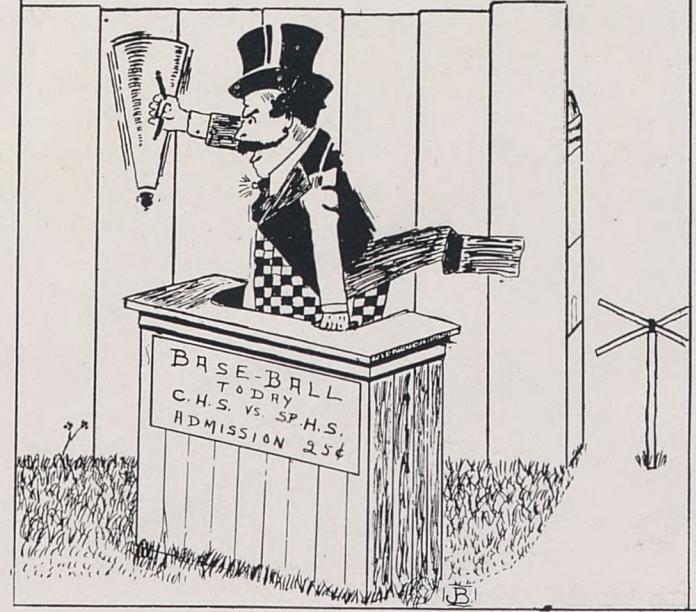
"And there's nothing you like as well as doughnuts, I understand," he chuckled. "Well all I can say is I'm sorry I was so short tempered. When I thought afterwards I wondered why I didn't stop to think that you were coming out of the chicken house and not in and that you had no chicken. Well, anyway, I guess you know the way to the

kitchen. If not follow your nose to those doughnuts. I guess Mary's somewhere near them and probably you will soon be nearer them." And he rocked back in his chair and smiled as Joe passed into the house, and with that I left.

II

Joe is on the way back from France now. He was an aviator and was wounded while fighting to save a French comrade. It was a glorious fight but Joe's plane was hurled from the clouds and he was thought to be killed. But he has recovered at last and was discharged and is coming home because he was disabled. He has nine enemy planes to his credit, the Legion of Honor, and the D. S. S. Also he has a name for being able to grab more Germans out on patrol than anyone else. I guess Joe got his practice among the chicken coops around Bradford.







BASKET BALL TEAM

Basket Ball Season 1918-'19

BASKET BALL featured a "come back" after the rather disastrous season of 1917. Coach Thompson worked a wonder with an inexperienced squad by turning out the lightest quintet in South Florida, a team that defeated Clearwater's most respected rivals, Largo and St. Petersburg. That the Crimson and gray did not win a larger percentage of games is due to the fact that it was playing a schedule clearly above any former schedule of this school.

Although four veterans of the year before were back our fifth place was hard to fill, for the team was dependent on its old standby, Harn.

After a few minor games the season opened with Tarpon at Clearwater. This game was a fight on both sides from the toss up. The Crimson and Gray led the score until the last five minutes of play, two unusual shots won the day for Tarpon, 22-24.

The first victory for C. H. S. was scored over Tarpon in a rather slow game, 6-17. Tarpon play-

ed its usual bulldog game and Clearwater had to call upon all its resources to avenge the defeat of the week before.

The following game was also a grand victory for C. H. S. winning from Largo by a score of 9-7 in a fast and exciting game.

Our return game with Tarpon would be hard to name basket ball or foot ball. It was a wild but exciting game, and every student of C. H. S. understands how the winning 4 points were made by Tarpon in the last few minutes.

The next day we were entrapped in Largo's famous mud court and beaten 37-13.

The Crimson and Gray won a lasting victory from St. Petersburg in the following week, 12-8. Never before in the history of C. H. S. basket ball has this been done.

Southern College team were our next opponents and this game proved to be undoubtedly the best of the schedule. Although Southern won, 20-17 by two unusual shots in the last minute of

play, the game was very fast and clean, showing marked skill in field basket shooting.

The following game with Largo was played in the rain on a very slippery floor. Again we lost in the last few minutes of play, 27-24.

The last contest of the season on our schedule,

played with Hillboro at Clearwater and a hard fight was put up on both sides. This game was marked by the fine work of Hubbard and Blanton in stopping Hillsboro's shooting. Never before has the Crimson and Gray made such a showing against Hillsboro, the state champions.





CHARLES KER

CHARLES KER

He did not make a regular birth on the team but Charles was the most accurate basket shooter we could boast of. Ever enthusiastic and loyal to the team, we certainly expect to see Charles on the "regulars" next year. Those who know him admire his pleasing disposition both on and off the court.

EDWIN ROUSSEAU

At center we have tall, lean Edwin Rousseau. Altho inexperienced he proved a valuable man at center, and when taken sick with the "flu" his worth was very evident. By next year he will be a veteran at the pivot position and great things are expected of him.



EDWIN ROUSSEAU



MURICE BLANTON

MAURICE BLANTON

Maurice played regularly at left guard and at the beginning of the year no one ever knew that he was a basket ball player. The coach found him among the green material and soon discovered he had "some find." Altho inexperienced he was one of the best guards in the country and even tho he was small, he made the best of the work to score.

FRED HUBBARD, Captain

Capt. Hubbard was a unanimous selection to guide the destinies of the 1918-1919 team and no better selection could have been made. A steady hard working guard was he and many a visiting forward's hopes have been disappointed thru his efforts.



FRED HUBBARD, Capt.



GEORGE SELBY

GEORGE SELBY

When Rousseau was taken sick with the "flu" the coach called for volunteers and no other than George appeared as candidate for the pivot position. At center he easily made good and is entitled to wear the coveted C. George graduates this year and will not be with us again.

GOETTE FUSSELL

Goette secured a regular birth on the team and made many a basket possible by his advance of the ball from the opponent's goal. Even if his name is Goette it is hard for the visiting teams to butt him around. He will be back next year so the prospects for a good team should be excellent.



GOETTE FUSSELL



FRANK WILLIAMSON

FRANK WILLIAMSON

Frank was the best basket ball player on the squad and we feel that if a South Florida team was picked his name would appear on it. Always willing to do his best we could bank on him delivering the goods. He will be back next year and his splendid team work ought to spoil many a team's defense.



Basket Ball Results 1918-'19

DATE	AT	TEAMS
11/22/18	at	Clearwater 22, Tarpon 24.
12/6/18	at	Tarpon 6, C. H. S. 17
12/20/18	at	C. H. S. 9., Largo 7.
1/16/19	at	C. H. S. 17, Tarpon 20.
1/17/19	at	Largo 37, C. H. S. 13.
1/24/19	at	C. H. S. 12, St. Pete. 8.
2/1/19	at	Southern College 20, C. H. S. 17.
2/5/19	at	C. H. S. 24, Largo 27.
2/7/19	at	C. H. S. 17, Hillsboro 23.

Letter Men of 1918-'19

BASKET BALL

Selby	Rousseau	Blanton
Hubbard	Williamson	Fussell

BASE BALL

Fussell	Hubbard	Blanton
Pooser	Williamson	W. Ficht
McKisson	Ray	



The 1919 Base Ball Season

CLEARWATER'S 1919 Baseball squad was a distinct improvement over the team of 1918, and, numbering but five letter men of the year before, it was in the race for the highest percentage of games won in the state.

Until the date of publication C. H. S. has played nine games, winning seven and losing only two.

The opening game played in Clearwater with St. Petersburg High was an easy victory for the Crimson and Gray, 9 to 3. Since this game C. H. S. has been playing from two to three games each week, easily taking off the cup in the most of them.

The most exciting game of the season was Southern College at Clearwater, Southern, playing in good form, made C. H. S. work hard for every run made. Unusual hitting in the ninth won the day for the Crimson and Gray, 10 to 9.

Unlike the 1918-19 Basketball squad, the baseball veterans always ended a few points ahead rather than behind.

With eight of the squad back next year and under the able management of Coach Thompson, the Coach that has obtained the highest respect from every student, it will be impossible to fall short of the state championship in baseball.



Base Ball Schedule

3/7/19 C.H.S. 9, St. Pete. 3, at Clearwater
3/14/19 C.H.S. 13, Interstate Commerce Team 8,
at Clearwater.
3/22/19 C.H.S. 3, Hillsboro 13, at Clearwater.
3/29/19 C.H.S. 13, Southern College 2, at
Sutherland.
4/4/19 C.H.S. 10, Plant City High 9, at P. City.
4/7/19 C.H.S. 10, Southern College 9, at
Clearwater.
4/11/19 C.H.S. 15, St Petersburg 7, at St.
Petersburg.
4/16/19 C.H.S. 5, Plant City 7, at Clearwater
4/18/19 City Team 0, C.H.S. 10, at Clearwater.
4/25/19 C.H.S. Hillsboro, at Tampa.





BASE BALL TEAM

W. FICHT

Out Field

WILLIAMSON, Captain

Pitcher, Catcher, 3rd Base

McKISSON

Out Field

SELBY

Out Field

RAY

Out Field



BASE BALL TEAM

HUBBARD

Pitcher, 3rd Base

POOSER

2nd Base

P. FITCH

Short Stop

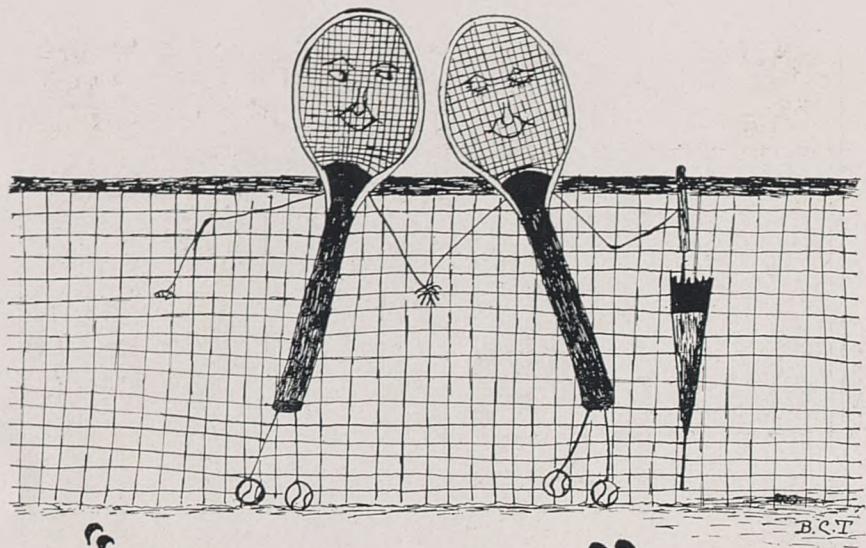
BLANTON

1st Base

FUSSELL

Catcher, 3rd Base

TENNIS.



"LOVE 30"

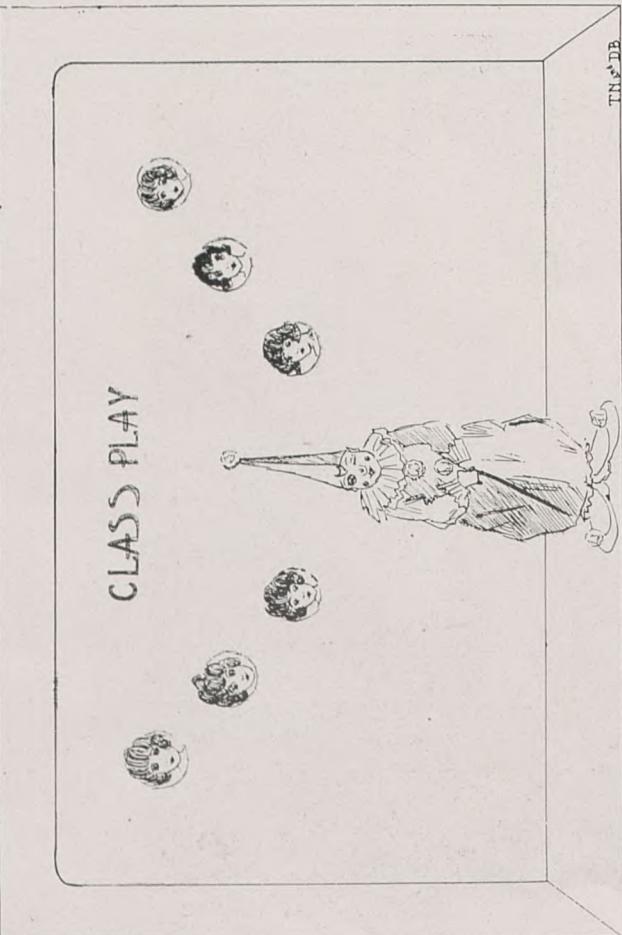
HBOUT the middle of March, as the girls had not been doing much along the line of athletics, it was decided that we should have a tennis tournament and play off the girls by classes and eventually decide the real tennis champion in school. A meeting was called by Miss Seaver and all the girls who had played or were interested in tennis were invited.

Much interest was aroused and we immediately began practicing. Thru the kindness of Mr. Alvard permission was given us to play on the court at Harbor Oaks. Our enthusiasm and eagerness to play rose to such an extent that the residents of Harbor Oaks entered complaints at being robbed of their sleep in the wee hours of the morning by the girls playing tennis, and the privilege was taken from us.

Altho this was the only court in town we were undaunted and bribed Mr. Russell into making one for us in the city park. This court is, at the present time, nearing completion and until it is finished we have permission to play on the Bellevue courts which are fine and prove to be a most attractive place. At the close of school, letters will be awarded to the class champions and we are all working hard for that honor. Before the end of the year we hope to be able to secure tournaments with some outside high school.



TENNIS CLUB



Senior Class Play

"SAFETY FIRST"

In Three Acts
AN AMERICAN FARCE-COMEDY

By SHELDON PARMER

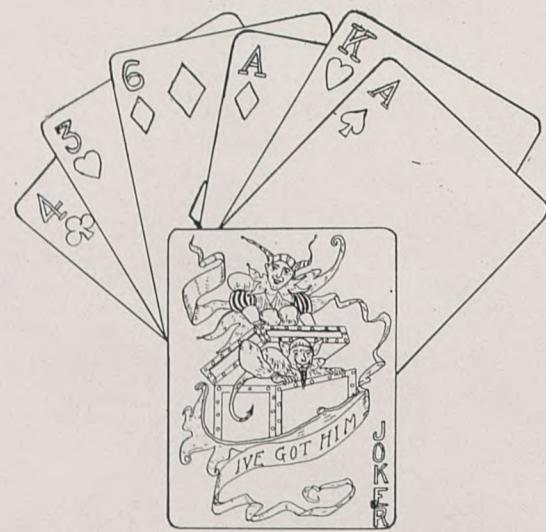
Caste

Jack Montgomery—A young Husband.....Everad Mann
Jerry Arnold—An Unsuccessful Fixer.....Edwin Rousseau
Mr McNutt—A Defective Detective.....Fred Kilgore
Elmer Flannel—Awfully Shrinking.....George Selby
Abou Ben Mocha—A Turk from Turkey.....Paul Bolles
Mabel Montgomery—Jack's Wife, Pity Her.....Edith Compton
Virginia Bridger—Her Young Sister.....Lois Freeman
Mrs. Barrington-Bridger—Their Mamma.....Lula May Beckett
Zuleika—A Tender Turkish Maiden.....Lucile Fussell
Mary Ann O'Finerty—An Irish Cook.....Ardys Poppler



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Jokes

Marjorie C.—“What do you suppose made Charles say the color in my cheeks reminded him of strawberries?”

Annette G.—“Probably because they both come in boxes.”

Miss McChesney—“What is an epistle?”

Niles Ray—“An epistle is the wife of an apostle.”

Eleanor G.—“Excuse me for walking on your feet.”

David D.—“Oh that's alright, that is what I have them for.”

Evarad—“Have you been eating an orange?”

Harold—“No. Why?”

Everad—“You have skin all over your face.”

James B.—“What are the sins of omission?”

Colletta P.—“The ones we might have committed but didn't.”

Some are born good, some make good and some are caught with the goods.

Life is a joke,
All things show it.
Look at Vernon
And then you'll know it.

Miss Collver—(To class) “can any of you tell me what steam is?”

Dorothy B.—“Water gone crazy with heat.”

Howard M.—“What's passing through your mind?”

Merle—“Lots.”

Howard—“I guess they must be vacant lots.”

Virginia H.—“Does your mother allow you to use slang?”

Elizabeth H.—“Good-night! no, you por fish.”

Advice to Freshman.

- (1) Always have a memorandum so as to remember Mr. Reeces rules.
- (2) Never cut classes.
- (3) Have excuses ready at all times.
- (4) Never look bored while going through one of Mr. Reece's lectures.

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Clearwater,

Florida.

Freshman—"Does Lucile play by ear?"

Lula May—"I don't know. She uses both feet and hands but I don't think she has learned to use her ears yet.

Freshman—"Stop chewing the rag awhile."

Senior—"Oh! my child! please do not use such slang. You should have said: 'Desist masticating fabric.' It sounds much better."

Freshman Poetry.

Our minds are made of "get-ups,"

This truth deserves no laughin',
But the hardest "get-up" I can find
Is "getting up" in Latin."

Jeanette—"There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I do not think I deserve an absolute zero."

Miss Foster—"Neither do I, but it is the lowest I am allowed to give."

Senior—"Do you always stutter like that?"

Freshman—"N-No, only w-hen I t-talk."

"Frank, tell me all you know about the Mongolian race," said Miss Seaver.

"I wasn't there, I went to the ball game," replied Frank.

"Well," asked the doctor, "how did you find yourself this morning?"

"Oh, easy enough," answered David. "I just opened my eyes and here I was."

Hal W.—"Don't you love our song, 'The Star-spangled Banner'?"

Hugh J.—"I do."

Hal—"Then why don't you join in the chorus?

Hugh—"The way for me to show my real affection for a song is not to try to sing it."

Mr Reece—"Gravity is not the only attracting force. I notice that in Physics class another thing attracts the boys." For information see Edwin R. and George Selby.

Jasper in Geometry class—Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

Miss Collver—"When does spring come in Florida?"

Olivia—"When you get your new straw hat."

"How do you like your teacher?" Edith's mother asked.

"I like her real well but I don't think she knows much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."

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Harold—"Why are the muscles in my head smaller than those in my arm?"

Wesley—"Because you do not use them so much."

In English—"How do you punctuate—The beautiful girl dressed in the latest style went down the street?"

Goette—"Don't know, but I think I would make a dash after her!"

James B. was hampered by a mother whose ideas of godliness was cleanliness. Notwithstanding the frequent baths to which he was condemned James thrived exceedingly. One day a neighbor remarked on his rapid growth. "Yes," said James, "that's ma's fault. She waters me too much."

Paul—"Can a person be punished for something that he hasn't done?"

Mr. Reece—"Of course not."

Paul—"Well, I haven't done my Physics."

Mrs. Moore—"Can you tell me where shingles were first used?"

Fred K.—"Yes, but I had rather not."

Motor and the girls motor with you,
Walk and you walk alone.

Salesman—"That is an eight day clock. It will go eight days without winding."

Colletta—"Gracious! And how long will it go if you wind it?"

I shot a paper wad through the air,

It lit on a surface, I knew not where,
For so swiftly did it fly,

It could not be followed with the eye.
The teacher's voice breezed through the air,

It fell on my ears though not unaware,
For she had sight so keen and strong

That she could follow even the flight of song.
Three hours later, in the office bright,

I found the principal and told him my plight.
And who would have thought from such a small
deed,

He'd have the heart to give me my leave.

Jesse G.—"Mother, was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Mother—"I don't know. Why?"

Jesse—"Well, here it reads that after he finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

After Mr. Reece had finished explaining what to do in case of fire, he said: "Above all things if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."

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"He is certainly a fine looking fellow" said Mr. Reece to Mr. Nall, looking at Jamie.

"Yes, he ought to have a fine head. It is brand new, he has never used it any."

"Mamma," complained Irene, "I don't feel very well."

"That's too bad, dear," said mother. "When do you feel worst?"

"In school, mamma."

Thelma N. had intently watched the soldier for some time. Then she ventured: "The chin strap, I suppose, is to keep your hat on, my man?"

"No," replied the soldier, "its to rest the jaw after answering questions."

Miss Collver—(to class) "I will give you some original work that I got from a book last night."

Mr. Thompson (to class in drawing)—"Please put your names over your work, so people won't think it is mine."

Miss McChesney—"What is voice?"

Joe B.—"Voice is the determination of two objects meeting at one place and causing a sound."

Janey wrote the composition on men: Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Both man and woman sprang from monkeys, but the woman sprang farther than the man."

Miss Foster—"How many kinds of poetry are there?"

Annie D.—"Three."

Miss Foster—"What are they?"

Annie—"Lyric, dramatic and epidemic."

Frederick, saying his prayers—"And please help my out-curve, which, as thou knowest, Lord, dosen't break quite as wide as it ought."

Mr. Pooser brought Edwin to school one morning and said: "This here boy's arter brains." What's your bill o'fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected Mr. Reece, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That 'ell do," interrupted the father. "Load him up well with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

Miss Collver—"Emory, name three things that contain starch."

Emory—"Shirts, collars and cuffs."

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"George, who was king at this time?" asked the teacher.

Louis the cross-eyed," was the answer.

"Why, George, where did you learn that?" she asked.

"Right here in the book," he answered, and showed her the paragraph where the name was printed: "Louis XI."

"Father, what's a substitute?" asked Charles of his father.

"A substitute, my boy, is anything that costs more than the original article."

THE RUMOR AND THE TRUTH

I breathed a rumor into the air,
It was accepted everywhere;
For so swiftly it spread that I
Could not explain it was a lie.

I breathed the truth into the air,
It fell quite flat nearly everywhere;
For who in these days cares, forsooth,
For a thing as stale as the simple truth?

For long months afterwards, Oh! how long!
I found the rumor going strong;
But the truth, from begining to end,
Was hotly denied by my dearest friend.

Oh, mother, I've learned to punctuate," exclaimed Lula May.

"Well, dear, how is it done?" asked her mother

"Why, when you write, Hark! you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question you put a button hook."

When is a dog's tail like one of Dickens characters? When its all of a twist. (Oliver Twist.)

(On the boat coming back from Bradenton)
Ed to Goette, who is rather pale and leaning against the railing.

"Do you feel seasick?"

Goette—"No, but I'd hate to yawn."

Junior girl on hearing Fred Kilgore recite.
And still they gazed,
And still their wonder grew,
That one small head
Could carry all he knew."

"Do you know that I feel like thirty cents?" said Edwin to Lois.

Then Lois sweetly smiled and commented:
"Well, well, everything seems to have gone up since the war."

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Ezra Young was a typical boy, and full of excuses for any wrongdoing. One day he whistled aloud in school and his teacher asked how he happened to do it.

Ezra said: "I—I—didn't mean to. I had a little air in my mouth and I wanted to push it out. I didn't know it was going to make a noise."

Anette and Mildred were engaged in a game of brag. Having exhausted other subjects, they began on memory.

"I can remember," boasted Annette, "clear back to when I was born."

"Uuh," grunted Mildred disdainfully. "I c'n 'member back to when God said: 'Now stand up Mildred, and be a good girl and let me put your eyes in.'"

"Ma! ma!" bawled Freddy, as the usual morning wash was going on. "Do my ears belong to my face or my neck?"

Ma temporized, "Why, What's the matter?"

I want it decided now. Every time you tell sister to wash my face or my neck she washes my ears too.

Why is a game of tennis like a party of children?
There is always a "racket."

James B. has been found to be the most polite boy in the High School. When Emma apologized for gouging him in the eye with a parasol he said: "Don't memtion it, I have another one."

Miss Seavers, who had been telling the class of the discovery of America by Columbus, ended it with: "And all this happened more than four hundred years ago."

Hugh Jones said after a moment's thought: "Gee! what a memory you've got."

Papa," wrote Ardys, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics."

"Well, Ardys," replied the father, "if your heart's sot on him I haven't a word to say, but I always did hope you'd marry an American."

Man's hair turns gray before woman's.
That's known in every clime;
The explanations' easy, for
He wears his all the time.

Olivia had just seen her first green worm, the kind commonly known as a "slug." Rushing into the house she cried: "Oh, mamma, mamma, come see the dill pickle that is walking around out in the yard!" LUCILE FUSSELL, '19.

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Chronology

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 16th, Monday—We are all happy and somewhat delighted,. But to think of those new teachers, we get greatly excited.

Sept. 17th, Tuesday—Although today we have to begin our hard work, everyone is pleasant and alert.

Sept. 18th, Wednesday—"Now don't you do this, and don't you do that." Goodness, gracious! the rules we had to listen at.

Sept. 19th, Thursday—"Nothing doing."

Sept. 30th, Monday—Many of the pupils come to school today hoping that the storm of last Friday night had damaged the school building so that the school would get a vacation, but greatly to their disappointment, everything was safe and sound.

OCTOBER.

Oct. 4th, Friday—I suppose the eighth grade were jarred as never before, today when Velma Boyd took a seat on the floor.

Oct. 8th, Tuesday—Why doesn't somebody start something? It seems to me all of us should have enough "day-dreaming" by this time.

Oct. 10th, Thursday—

Everybody is scared of the "flu,"
And they are all wondering what to do!
So the news came today at noon,
To let the school out REAL soon.

NOVEMBER.

Nov. 11th, Monday—

Oh! the eleventh day of November,
Is a day that we all should remember,
For the Huns are whipped and feel real sore,
And the beast of Germany reigns no more.

Nov. 12th, Tuesday—

Miss Pike, the English teacher, left a few days ago,
Good-night! how we hate it, for we loved her so.

Nov. 13th, Wednesday—Nothing doing again!

Nov. 28th, Thursday—

Today, as you know, is Thanksgiving day,
And the poor old turkey has his life to pay.

Nov. 29th, Friday—"Bum lessons today," the teachers say, too much turkey yesterday.

IN THE realms of Fairyland, a Prince pursued the wondrous foot of Cinderella, and in reality not long ago the entire English speaking race paid homage to the unsurpassed foot of the beautiful Irish maiden, Trilby O'Ferrall. Our buyer has just returned from St. Louis, New York and Boston, the three greatest markets in the United States, and purchased the newest and most desirable for "My Lady's" foot wear, also everything in the best and daintiest for children, boys and Misses in the famous Buster Brown, Educator, etc., also one of the greatest lines of Men's finest foot-wear in Stacy Adams and the American, in fact we have everything in foot-wear for the whole family.

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DECEMBER.

Dec. 3rd, Tuesday—Those hateful old tests.

They are such pests,
We have to act as deaf and dumb,
And the grades are always bum.

Dec. 4th, Wednesday—Oh, dear me! I was so absent-minded today that I did not get to record a thing.

Dec. 18th, Wednesday—Christmas holidays are almost here! I wonder what those Freshman expect from "Santa" this year.

Dec. 19th, Thursday—Oh, ye gods! I can't remember a thing that happened this day.

Dec. 20th, Friday—

Everyone is happy and smiling today,
For vacation is here, we are glad to say.

JANUARY.

Jan. 6th, Monday—

We all had a pleasant vacation,
So now to our school work, we must give observation.

Jan. 7th, Tuesday—Mr. Reece looks quite different from what he did before vacation. He has sprouted a mustache, such a decoration.

Jan. 9th, Thursday—The Physics class are learning how to combine math and English. This

morning after Harold had multiplied several numbers on the board, Edwin Rousseau informed him that he had not punctuated the result correctly.

Jan. 10th, Friday—Mr. Reece found out that we were not going to show our condescension, So he shaved off his mustache, which has been attracting so much attention.

Jan. 14th, Tuesday—Miss McChesney asked what claim Henry VII had to the English throne, and Frank Williamson replied that the thone was placed upon his head at Bosworth Field where he won a great victory.

Jan. 15th, Wednesday—Cold!

Jan. 16th, Thursday—Colder!!

Jan.. 17th, Friday—Coldest!!!

Jan. 21st, Tuesday—Today while Frederick Hubbard was rehearsing some of his humourous expressions in English class, Miss Hassewer told him that she did not understand his new language. Frederick responded: "Well, you may remain after school this afternoon and I will teach it to you."

Jan. 23rd, Thursday—Howard was told something that he did not know today. Miss Hassewer informed him that he had not attained the marriageble age yet ?!?!?

Jan. 24th, Friday—

Basket Ball game with St. Pete High,
Clearwater beat without having to try.

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CLEARWATER, FLA. 33516

Jan. 27th, Monday—

Miss Hassewer gave the Juniors an exciting lecture today,

Because we poor "cattle could not think of anything to say. (on our test papers.)

Jan. 28th, Tuesday—

Today the gate was left open by someone, So the "Junior Cattle" decided to have some fun.

They paraded over town and all around, And came very near getting put in the pound.

Jan. 30th, Thursday—Oh, my, me! Whats to be done with those notorious Juniors??!!?

Jan. 31st, Friday—Mr. Reece called a meeting of the "Junior Cattle" today and managed to make them understand that the School Board would decide what to do with them.

FEBRUARY.

Feb. 3rd, Monday—The School Board entertained the Junior class today??!!?

Feb. 6th, Thursday—Emory Pendarvis had a birthday party today, wonder how old she is???

Feb. 10th, Monday—Exams!! more exams!!! most exams!!!!

Feb. 11th, Tuesday—Sara Nelson took very sick today in school.

Feb. 12th, Wednesday—Mr Reece told us

something this morning that we were all very sorry to hear, for he told us that Sara Nelson had the scarlet fever.

Feb. 14, Friday—Quite a number of people exchanged hearts today.

Feb. 17th, Monday—

Some are glad, some are sad,
For Miss Hassewer has gone, too bad.

Feb. 18th, Tuesday—

Niles Ray took a seat on the floor,
Just as Mr. Reece was coming in the door.
He was trying not to let Mr. Reece find out,
That he had been throwing the ball all about.

Feb. 19th, Wednesday—

If you see the Maroon and Gold
Upon some of the High School pupils, behold!
For its the Juniors wearing their colors,
Just to get ahead of all the others.

Feb. 20th, Thursday—Freshman's curly hair is attracting much attention today.

Feb. 21st, Friday—I suppose you understand why there are not many at school today. This is the week of the Tampa Fair.

Feb. 24th, Monday—Alas! alas! The new teacher has arrived.

Feb. 25th, Tuesday—Sitting on the floor must be a catching disease, for Emory Pendarvis took a seat on the floor today, which makes the third time

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during this term that someone has had that misfortune.

Feb. 27th, Thursday—A new Freshman enrolled today. Goodness, how many more!!

MARCH.

March 3rd, Monday—Today Janey Martin thought that she would slide down in her seat a little so as to be comfortable, but she slid most too far and took a seat on the floor.

March 4th, Tuesday—

Miss Foster cordially invited the Juniors today,

To come to her after school without delay—I suppose you know why without having to guess,

It was to stay in, we will have to confess.

March 5th Wednesday—Today Miss Foster asked if George was out of school and Everad Mann immediately replied, "no, he is absent today

March 6th, Thursday—Miss McChesney asked Ezra Young in English class today why he dropped his voice in reading before he came to a period. He replied that it was so heavy that he was tired holding it up.

March 7th, Friday—Juniors and Seniors greatly entertained by some children next door fighting for fame.

The C. H. S. Baseball team played a game with

St. Pete High today, and the St. Pete team were beaten so bad that they were even ashamed to mention the score to anyone.

March 11th, Tuesday—

Miss McChesney—"What did James II do when William landed in England"?

Frank—"He throwed up the throne and beat it."

March 12th, Wednesday—Meeting of Annual Staff today. Oh, you Editors! you have no time to play.

March 13th, Thursday—The "Interstate Commerce Commission" team played a baseball game with Clearwater High, Clearwater beat them so terrible bad, that the poor "critters" got ashamed to try.

March 14th, Friday—The first Literary program of the term was given this afternoon, We all enjoyed it immensely and hope to have another one soon.

March 17th, Monday—We surely must have some ancients among us, for today in Physics recitation Wesley Ficht, while speaking to the class said: "My grandfather told me in the civil war"—?

March 18th, Tuesday—

Today I have tried and tried to find out,
What the girls were looking so sad about.
But a sudden inspiration came to me,
And I believe it was the equituation of D. T.

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Clearwater, Fla.

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Rooms 1 and 2

Clearwater, Florida.

Hours: 8 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

Telephone 86

DR. R. F. WYATT

Dentist

Coachman Building

Clearwater, Florida

DR. F. W. CRAVEN

Dentist

Coachman Building

Clearwater, Fla.

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DR. BYRD McMULLEN, M. D.

Office Call Clearwater Pharmacy

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA

March 19th, Wednesday—Howard Moore must have undoubtedly thought that his desk was going to walk away today, for he could not even wait until a recess period to screw it down.

March 20th, Thursday—After Emory Pendavis had given the oral theme today in English class, Miss Foster asked for corrections, and Edith Compton eagerly replied: "She started out with too deep a subject, for she began with 'well' ? ? ! !

March 21st, Friday—

Today was held the second Literary program of the year,

And we are all expecting another to soon appear.

March 24th, Monday—Lucile Fussell and Elizabeth White called themselves Bellview guests today, because they went down to the Bellview yesterday afternoon and were granted the privilege of sitting down for a few minutes.

March 25th, Tuesday—We are wondering whether is was because the Literary officers were so good looking or so ugly which caused them to break the Photographer's camera this morning while they were having their picture taken ? ? ?

March 26th, Wednesday—It is believed that if the "Freshies" would spend as much time on their lessons as they do in having class meetings, they would be the most brilliant people in High School.

March 27th, Thursday—Today in English class

while Annette Griffin was reading a certain portion of the story of Rip Van Winckle, she came across this expression: "Rip's wife kept dinning in his ear," and instead of pronouncing the word dinning right, she said: "Rip's wife kept dining in his ear."

March 28th, Friday—I did not know that Florida could move about from place to place before, but Miss McChesney informed us today in English History class that Florida came from Spain.

March 31st, Monday—Oh yes! I almost forgot to record the base ball game we had last Friday, the C. H. S. team beat the Southern College team all to "flinders."

APRIL.

April 1st, Tuesday—April Fool day! How many times did you get fooled?

April 2nd, Wednesday—Niles Ray sat down upon a tack today. I wonder which was hurt the worst, Niles or the tack!??

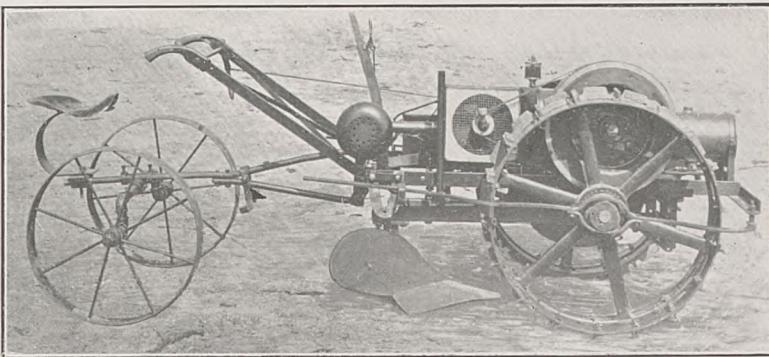
April 3rd, Thursday—Will we ever get accustomed to that new schedule?

April 4th, Friday—The Plant City Base Ball team learned something today, for they learned that the Clearwater High School team could beat them in playing base ball.

April 7th, Monday—The Southern College Base Ball team came down today with broad smiles

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upon their faces and thought that they were going to pull a big one off on our C. H. S. team in the game, but "believe me," they went back with a somewhat different look, because dear old C. H. S. was victorious.

April 8th, Friday—

Those old examinations, I dread them with fear,

I wish they never had have been introduced here.

They make me worry myself nearly to death, And when I see the questions, they always take my breath.

April 9th, Wednesday—The Juniors are expecting their party of next Friday night to be the biggest thing of the year. We only hope that our expectations will be carried out.

April 10th, Thursday—The minutes seem like hours, the hours like days, the days like weeks, and the weeks like months when vacation is drawing near.

April 11th, Friday—Thank goodness!! Those old quarterly exams are finished! Maybe our nerves will have a chance to rest.

April 14th, Monday—Singing!!!

April 15th, Tuesday—Chapel!!!

April 16th, Wednesday—Orchestra today!
That's all.

April 17th, Thursday—Can you imagine such a thing? School is almost out and Mr. Reece is still making those rules and regulations.

April 18th, Friday—

You better mind the teacher and learn those lessons to;

Those quarterly exams are drawing nigh, and you know how anxious you are to pull through.

April 21st, Monday—It is such a pity that we all can not be like those dignified Seniors.

April 22nd, Tuesday—Chapel again!!

April 23rd, Wednesday—Orchestra!!!

April 24th Thursday—Well for the love of Pete! I forgot to record anything for today.

April 25th, Friday—Only two more weeks and the departing day will be here.

April 28th, Monday—Freshman's motto during exams: "Flunk and the class flunks with you, pass and you pass alone."

April 29th, Tuesday—"Not a thing doing."

April 30th, Wednesday—So many things happened today that I do not know which to put down.

MAY.

May 1st, Thursday—I think the whole school must be in the very worst stage of spring fever today.

May 2nd, Friday—"Still nothing doing."

May 5th, Monday—

Singing again today,
Is all I know to say.

May 6th, Tuesday—Isn't it a wonder Mr. Reece did not have any announcements to make this morning!!!

May 7th, Wednesday—Good-night! That Senior class play must be awfully funny!!!

May 8th, Thursday—

No more sitting up till twelve at night,

Studying hard with all our might!
We are going to rehearse,
For better off or worse.
So good-bye school books!

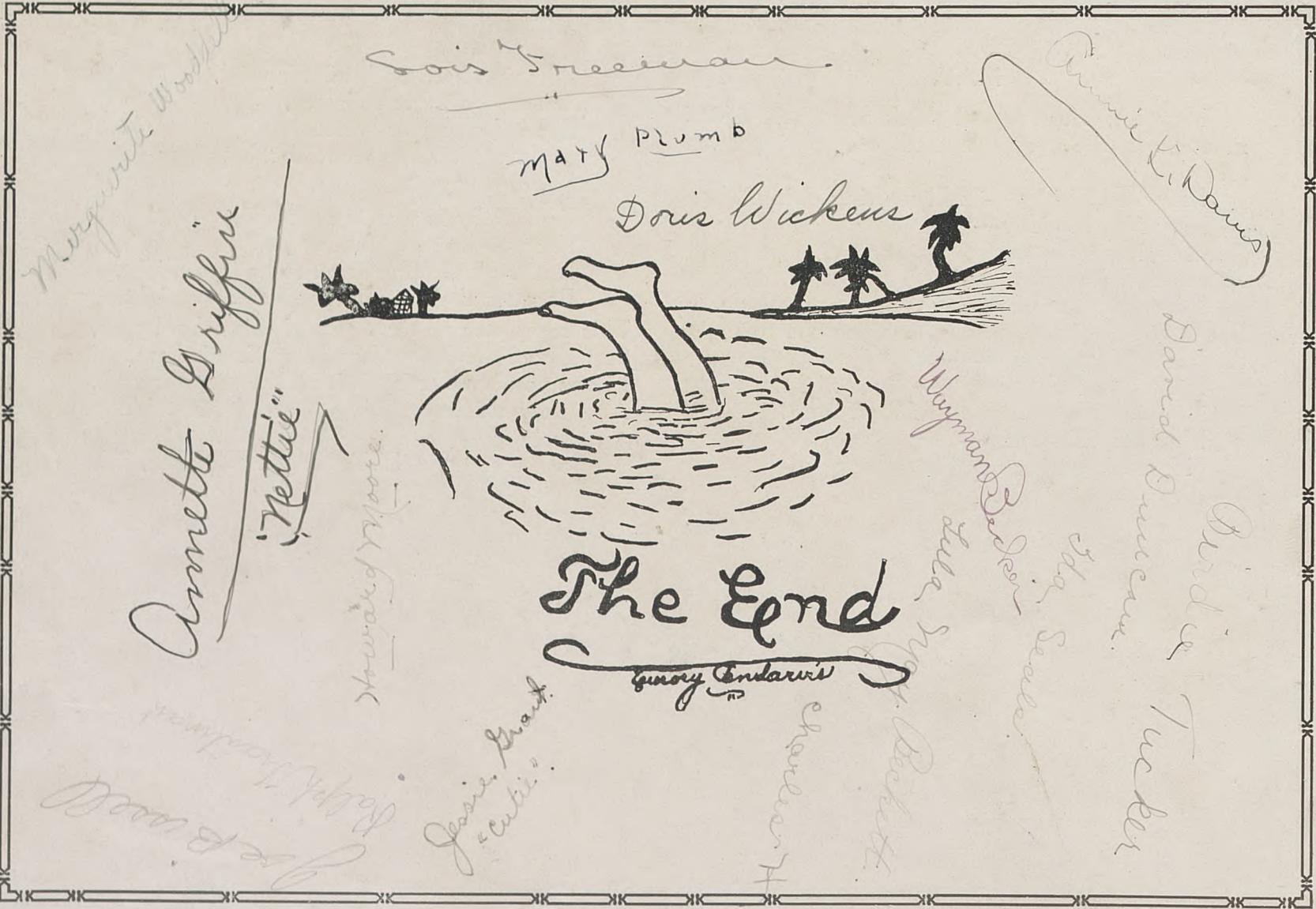
May 9th, Friday—

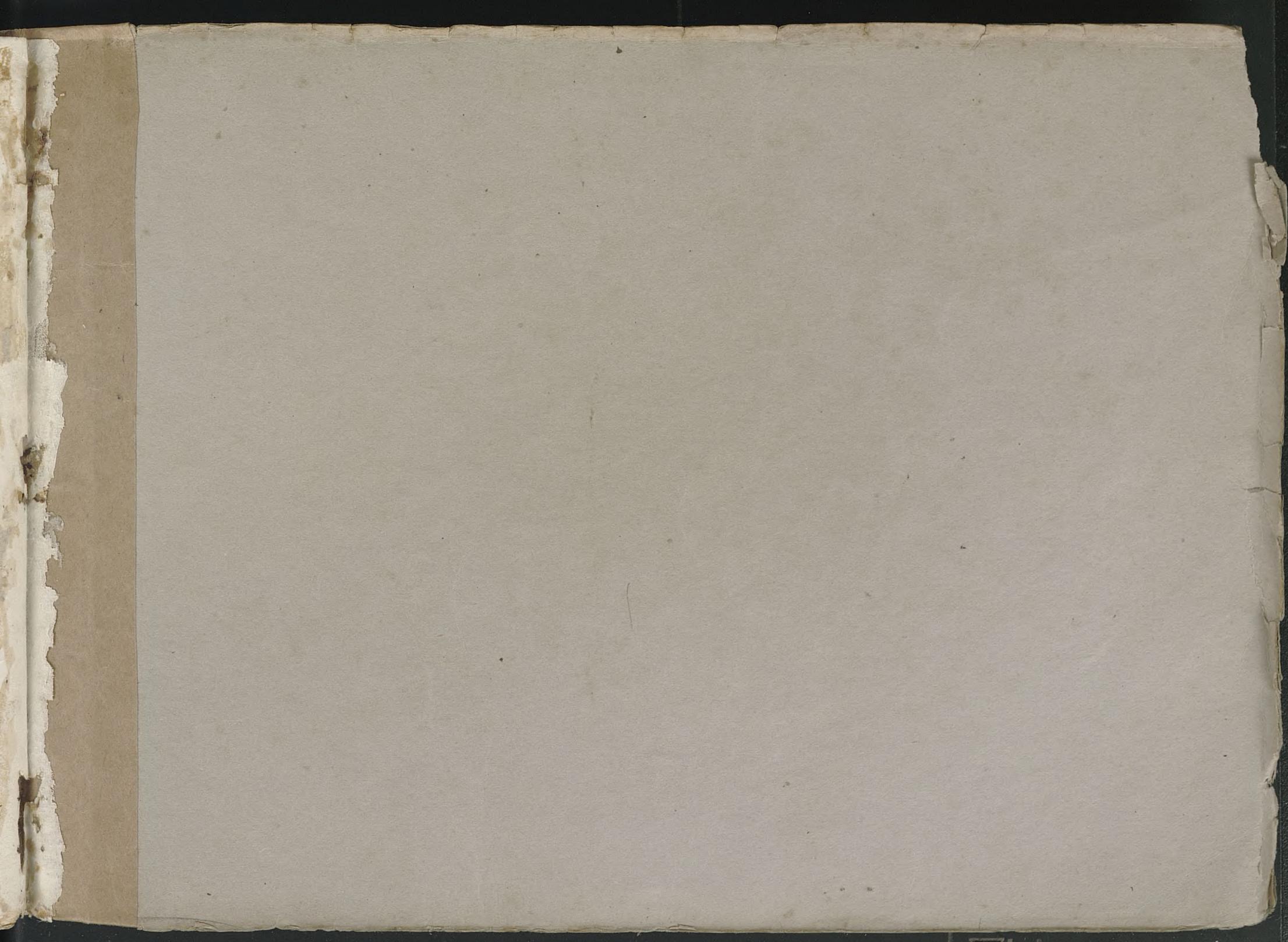
Everybody is wearing a smile,
For we can rest for a while.
But those Seniors seem to be in a plight,
Because their graduation comes tonight.

This completes all the news of this school year,
So my work is finished and vacation is here,
I hope you have enjoyed it all the way through,
And now with throbbing heart, I must bid you adieu!

EVA MAE HUGHEY, '20.







Mona Schubel
Clearwater, Fla.